President's bedroom. "Take out the big canopied bed and put in a simple double bed," Mrs. Nixon requested. The First Lady liked Mrs. Johnson's bedroom. "I'll have to have a room of my own," she confided in her mellow, throaty voice. "Nobody could sleep with Dick. He wakes up during the night, switches on the light, speaks into his tape recorder, or takes notes—it's impossible."

Of all the changes that have been made in the old Mansion from one administration to another, the only one that affected me was the Nixons' removal of the swimming pool to make way for a press room. The pool was a gift to President Roosevelt from the school-children of America, who collected millions of dimes to pay for constructing the heated indoor pool that the President used for his polio therapy. I remember President Truman swimming there, his glasses all fogged up; the Eisenhowers' grandchildren splashing around with the greatest glee; the swimming races between President Kennedy and his Cabinet; the bathing trunks hanging from the hooks for President Johnson's guests.